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ORIGINAL.

THE WEALTH OF A NATION DEPENDING UPON ITS LITERATURE.

NO. I.

Man as an individual, is a feeble being with respect to both his body and mind; but man acting in unison with his fellow men, has the command of powers, beyond all calculation.

Let us in the first place see how man acquires his knowledge. And knowledge with man is the source of all his powers. There are properly only two sources of knowledge, a man must either acquire it himself, by his own personal experience and observation; or he must receive it from others and depend upon testimony. But the sphere of any one individual's observation and experience is extremely limited. His life is at best but short, and very uncertain. He is confined to a particular spot, and has his attention generally occupied about only one class of objects; and moreover, if you for a moment suppose him to have no communication with his fellow men, and no prospect of ever having any such communication, you take from him at once one of the strongest motives which he has to action and improvement.

But look at man as he exists in society. Though the individual dies and is forgotten, the knowledge which he acquired and the improvements which he made remain. One man has spent his life in making observations upon one class of objects,

say the cultivation of the earth; another has spent his life in making observations and experiments upon the various uses which may be made of the various productions of the earth. A third observes and records the operations of nature, in the atmosphere or the sea, or on the dry land, or in the animal, or vegetable, or mineral worlds; and another has spent his life in collecting and arranging important facts respecting the nature of man, and the various states in which he has existed and acted. And so of a thousand other individuals. And the most of these in making their observations and experiments have had intercourse with one another, and thus whatever was acquired by one, became very soon the common property of all—of the whole community. And then comes the writer of history, and he spends his life in collecting and arranging the observations and experiments, not of one man, nor of one generation, nor of one country, but he collects and arranges the observations and experiments of all countries and of all ages. And the boy who has just learned to read, and is beginning to know that he has the powers of reasoning and reflection, sits down and casting his eyes over a few pages becomes in so many days master of the great and leading facts which are the results of the observation, and experience, and labour, of thousands.

Let us next look at mechanical labour. Examine a hat, or a pair of shoes, or a coat, of the simplest domestic manufacture—or examine a brick or stone building of the ordina-

ry dimensions, or a wagon, or a public high way, or a steam boat; and just say how any one of these could have been produced by the solitary labour of a single individual; and then look at the present state of society and mark with what ease and expedition they are produced by united labour and by united contrivances.

Let us next see what is the great connecting link in society. What is it that binds man to man, and connects the most distant parts of the earth with one another; and which connects remote ages of antiquity with the present generation? It is literature and science. Remove from the United States or from any portion of the civilized world the knowledge of letters, the art of reading and writing, and printing, and casting up accounts:—remove these, and society is dissolved—all the knowledge and experience of past ages and of other countries is lost, and every man must just begin anew, and shift for himself.

Common English Schools then form one of the chief sources of a nation's wealth. Neglect to cherish them and you paralyse the energies of the nation, you do what you can to dissolve society and bring men back again to a savage state.

But a common English school, under any of the improved systems of education, could not exist without schools of a higher order. How are books on Grammar and Geography and Arithmetic, for our common English schools furnished? And how is a competent teacher for a common English school to be produced? A man who teaches must always be superior to those whom he teaches, not only in acquirements but also in the possession of the means of information.

And how and by whom are the great and leading facts collected and arranged by which buildings are constructed, and high ways opened, and rivers made navigable, and machine-

ry of every kind put into motion? By men of literature and science, and by men who have acquired that literature and science in the higher schools, or from books produced by men who have passed their lives within the walls of a college.

SUCCESSION OF THOUGHT.

No two men are alike. They all differ in appearance, in character, in intellect. Variety itself would seem to be exhausted, not only in points of importance, but even in those of the minutest difference.

Yet there is found in every species, and in every individual, some distinctive characteristic, which marks its kind, or defines the species to which the individual most properly belongs.

In the human race, this peculiar trait is impressed on every action of each individual, and will detect the agent, in many cases, by the character given to that which he performs. We can distinguish, not only the voice of a friend, but also his gait, when too distant to recognize his features; and even his step in the passage or on the pavement or on the stairs, when we cannot see him. Nor is this the effect of custom alone: for without uniformity in these things, we could never become accustomed to them.

Habit doubtless does much, and imitation more, in assimilating the appearance, and producing coincidence between the actions and sentiments of those who are much together: but, more than to either, is to be ascribed to that sameness of physical temperament, and moral constitution, which, in the midst of the variety just mentioned, gives a kind of uniformity to the pursuits of persons of the same nation, the same neighbourhood and the same family; and still more a kind of undesignated consistency to all the parts of the life and conduct of every individual.

This in relation to morals is gene-

rally acknowledged. We say of an action, the author of which is yet unknown to us, that it is consistent with the character of one, and inconsistent with the character of another, judging from the compatibility or incompatibility of the one with the other—the action with the character. In intellectual efforts, we can frequently determine the author, not only by the sentiments, but by something which, though it cannot be well defined, yet clearly impresses that which is distinctive of the author's genius upon the work which he has produced.

There is a subject however, connected with these remarks, which we do not remember to have seen noticed namely, the succession of thought, as being peculiar and nearly uniform in each individual. One man speaks faster than another: Why? Because he thinks faster: that is, his thoughts occur with greater rapidity; and over this succession he can exercise but little control. It is true that different states of health, and different degrees of feeling, and the difference between a large and small audience may, and do, make a very perceptible difference in the manner in which the same person will both think and speak. But this is effected more by circumstances than by any voluntary effort; and at last, is but very inconsiderable. The slow, cold, phlegmatic speaker cannot be roused, by any effort, aided by the most favourable circumstances, to that rapidity of thought and utterance that will interest the audience:—nor will the man of active mind and vigorous fancy be so changed, by the most unfavourable situation, as not to be able to command the attention of his auditors. We cannot, even by the highest transports of feeling, urge our intellectual machinery beyond a certain velocity. Men under the influence of violent anger shew this, by the stammering manner of their enunciation. Their passion impels

them to a greater rapidity of utterance than their flow of thought will supply—though, to a certain extent, any strong feeling will accelerate the succession of ideas in the mind. Hence in attempting to express themselves, in accordance with the high tone of their feelings, which has now outstripped their intellect, they are obliged to use frequent repetition, in order to maintain the continued and uninterrupted torrent of expression to which passion prompts; or to hesitate and dwell upon a half uttered expression, until the tardy intellect, at intervals, overtakes, and supplies the tongue with thoughts or ideas which it immediately names, and setting off again distances its too tardy companion. Something similar to this is frequently seen in public speakers, in the senate, at the bar, and, perhaps more frequently, in the pulpit. The orator rises without preparation—trusts to the impulse of the occasion to furnish him with feeling sufficient to carry him through, by a kind of inspiration, which he is prone to believe is the inspiration of genius, but which, in reality, is nothing more than the tide of animal spirits which we believe is, in some degree, common to the brutes themselves.—With a determination not to disgrace himself by any apparent hesitation of expression, he continues to vociferate, trusting to the expression last uttered to suggest its successor, and is thus borne along, like a kite in a storm, he knows not, and seems to care not, whither. Under such circumstances, no matter what his talents may be, he must, for the most part, speak without thought, and consequently fail to convey any definite view of the subject to those whom he addresses. Such are extreme cases; and will be found generally, where there is no great weight of intellect to check or impede the speed of that unruly member—the tongue. But serious disadvantage arises from not observing this partic-

ular quality of the mind to persons of no mean grade of intellect; especially to young speakers. Indeed the most that the habit of declaiming can do, for improving us in oratory, is to enable us, by repeated trials, to bring our speed of utterance to correspond exactly with our speed of conception. If, from imitating others of more fire and genius, we adopt a rapid and hurried style of enunciation, we must either hesitate, or, part of the time, talk nonsense. If from the same, or any other cause, we adopt a method of speaking, too slow for our habits of thought, we will be apt to anticipate the order of our expression, and leave out parts of sentences—the mind going ahead of enunciation. This, though by no means so common a fault, is but little less injurious to the reputation of the speaker; and exceedingly vexatious to the audience. Few, we suspect, who have had the opportunity of attending the lectures of an eminent professor, in any branch of science, when the same course verbatim, has been read to successive classes for a series of years, will need to be furnished with examples, in order fully to understand what is meant by this last fault.—For in despite of the manuscript, when the lectures are read, and still more, when repeated from memory, the subject has become so familiar, that the attention is with difficulty kept up, and the mind is so accustomed to the train of thought that an effort is constantly necessary to keep the mind in check, that it may proceed “*æquis passibus*” with the enunciation.—Hence the impropriety of imitating any eminent speaker. Talents of a high order are necessary to become an interesting speaker. If these are possessed, there will be no need of imitating any one.—If they are not possessed; to adopt the manner of any popular speaker, is to assume one that does not suit us, and which will inevitably render us less successful than we

would be, should we follow our own natural manner. We can successfully imitate those only, whom we very much resemble: But a resemblance that will warrant such a procedure, is rare, and, wherever it does exist, there will be the least need to derive assistance from this source. Why should we be at the pains to copy that which, as originals, we ourselves equal or perhaps surpass? The labour necessary to a close imitation, where to imitate would be allowable, and most successful, would be sufficient to acquire greater excellence than is possessed by the model which we may select. *Qui sibi fidit, Dur regit examen.*



LES HISTOIRES.—NO. III.

‘DONT GIVE UP THE SHIP!’

In streams our blood is flowing,
And our lives are ebbing fast;
Yet in courage we are growing,
And will hold out till the last.

Though we have lost commanders,
And the ‘chain shot’ round us sweep;
New strength our God will lend us,
And we’ll still preserve the ship.

The last of May, 1813, I embarked, and took my station on board the ill-fated Chesapeake. The air was mild, and the rays of the sun, which shone with great splendour, were finely reflected from the glasslike surface of the ocean. Our starry pendant idly hung from the mast fanned by no breeze. A solemn stillness held its sway through out the whole vessel, save when the gleesome sailor pulling in a rope sung his ‘yo heave yo’; or the cord so rudely dragged from its watery bed where it had long slumbered, rocked by the billows, rubbed on the sides of the ship and covered with spray those standing near.

The duty of an American officer is a pleasing one. He is placed over men who war for liberty and fame; who die not the death of the

vile mercenary that sells his prowess for filthy lucre; but spend their latest breath in praying for their country's welfare and the discomfiture of her enemies. They are not driven to their labour as the slave to his hoe or the horse to the plough; but early enter into the service and freely undergo all the dangers and difficulties to be endured. I was young and thoughtless, my brow was wrinkled with no care, no heartfelt grief; and my bosom glowed with a love for my country, unequaled by those who support a tyrant's throne. Since the experience of maturer years has brought with it a riper judgment, often have I roamed back on memory's wing to childhood's years and thought with pleasure and delight of the fire and ardour that flowed through my juvenile veins. I panted for action—I longed for an opportunity to display my activity and courage;—of skill I had but little, but necessity can accomplish wonders. By obeying the orders of superior officers and observing the movements of my brother midshipmen, I thought to make up the deficiency.

My desire was not long to remain ungratified. The British frigate Shannon commanded by Capt. Broke had for some time been in the bay seeking an engagement with an American frigate. She had a picked crew and was accoutred for the express purpose of contending with one of our largest sized vessels, for then we had no 74's. Having doubly manned his own and knowing the inferiority of ours yet the determined bravery and noble daring of gallant Lawrence, Broke sent such a challenge, as no officer who had any regard for his honor or the station he filled, could refuse. Unfortunately the bravado was not received until the very morning of the desired meeting; and already was the stately Britton, said to be excelled by none of her class, seen proudly riding without the harbour, Lawrence could

not brook this insult to his country's arms; he had within him a mind too exalted to permit an enemy to approach the very city gates and beard him. With the men he could procure in haste, (a motly crew indeed!) he gave orders to sail. Some may censure his conduct and say, he shewed a recklessness of the danger into which he precipitated himself that approached nearly to fool hardiness. But they know not a seaman's feeling they are not acquainted with the secret *spring* that moves him on to action, and causes him to say 'touch my honour, touch my life.'

We had scarcely left the moorings when a noise was heard below. It reminded me of the confusion of tongues at Babel, so oft perused in Sacred History. It came like the rushing together of many waters. The first impulse of curiosity prompted me to run down and discover whence the noise proceeded; but I was stationed at my post and had my orders, to disobey which, was not the part of one who intended to distinguish himself for his alacrity and attention to duty. Some of the officers that were below came up and informed Lawrence, who had been watching the every movement of the enemy, that the crew were mutinying and that too when the vessel was riding into action. He rushed down the gangway and threw himself into the midst of the mutineers. His arrival among them was like an electric shock. The sound formed by the tongue quivered awhile on the lips and died away unrepeatd. Such is the power and influence of a master spirit: such is the command of decision. He spoke to them and chided their lukewarmness in such a cause. He entreated them by all that was sacred, by all that was holy, to act as men with firmness and vigour, and not to be drawn off, like children, by some private pique or resentment. As the oil will quell the fury

of the waves, so did he subdue their haughty spirits, infusing a portion of patriotism and courage into their breasts, and fearing lest the now kindled flame would be suffered to die away, he gave instant command to bear down on the enemy. His orders were obeyed. Who can paint the feelings that were uppermost in the bosoms of all?

"There was silence deep as death,
And the bravest held his breath
For a time."

As for me, a thousand images crowded o'er my mind and passed away ere half created. My parents, my friends, my — I dare not say the name, came up in succession, but gave place to thoughts concerning myself. My headless trunk, consigned to the great deep, might be the prey of fishes, or living I might be distinguished and hailed 'a son of liberty.' The wind and waves bore us on and as they cradled us in one of their furrows we poured a broadside into the hull of the Shannon. She waited not long, but returned our broadside, and we instantly closed, exchanging many shots. Our commanders were all slain or disabled. The Briton had men stationed in her tops that made every person who was seen exercising any authority a mark against which to level their murderous rifles. Lawrence fell early in the action, and as he was borne below, he cried out to his brave men 'Don't give up the ship, boys,' then closed his eyes in death. Our masts were gone and our vessel almost a wreck. Left at the mercy of the enemy who would take any advantage chance might afford, we were boarded and a scene of carnage ensued. The deck streamed with the blood of brave men who offered up their lives at the shrine of Liberty. The star spangled banner was rudely torn from the place where it had been planted by our Captain, by a British miscreant; for no American would dishonour the manes of the

dead, or debase himself so much as to lay such a standard, a pole star to guide men who fought for liberty to battle, under the paws of the 'lion of England.' The waters below were stained with the blood of freemen which carried on their surface, ruffled by the brisk gale, fragments of either vessel, shewing how dearly the victory was bought.

The first of June will ever be remembered by Americans; and while the festive dance and song are resounding in their halls, a thought straying from memory's vast store, will bring to mind that sad catastrophe, the spectators of which were nations. But how differently was it hailed on either side of the Atlantic! On the one bonfires were lighted, guns fired, and the populace, ignorant of the bondage in which they were held, hugging their vile chains, and, kissing the base manacles by which they were fettered, exulted in wild and boisterous joy. The commander who achieved this noble action received the order of knighthood from the prince regent. On the other, a sad procession following to the grave the remains of their immortal hero, who though he had lost the day, had fallen on a 'death-bed of fame.' Military honors were paid him, and shrouded in that flag which he so nobly defended, he was deposited in the tomb of his fathers.

There was one who could but ill bear his loss. By his death she was withdrawn from a kind and affectionate husband, one who would always have been a protector to her little babes. But though the heart had well nigh burst with those of a wife bereaved of a dearly beloved consort, yet the feelings of a mother overcame all others, and she lived but to bless the orphans and render them happy. Never shall I forget, even though death's cold grasp be on me, the last, the parting hour, when she was about to resign to his mother

earth, the brave, unfortunate Lawrence. The large drop stood in her black eye for awhile, then trickled down her cheek. Her's was silent grief, too big for utterance. She looked at the pallid countenance then turned away. She looked again,—it was gone! The conflict was over. Nature pleaded and not in vain. The thoughts of her offspring whom she held in either hand recalled her to the world and her grief subsided; she gently exclaimed “thy will be done O Lord!” O death how cruel art thou!

“Like other tyrants thou delight'st to smile
What smitten, most proclaims the pride of
power,
And arbitrary nod.”

My first essay in fight ending so gloomily, though I escaped with a slight wound, it may be supposed my spirit was damped, and my desire for military fame abated. But the contrary; the scene so dismal had awakened other sensations than those of fear. Revenge took possession of my soul. I resolved that nothing on my part should be omitted that could aid my country's cause. I removed to the lake with Perry and was present at that memorable engagement when superior force was compelled to ‘make submission meet’ to American valour. Where the youthful hero cried as he left his flag ship in an open boat to bring up the rear of his fleet; “remember brave Lawrence and don't give up the ship, boys.” It was Perry who approached so nearly the ‘veni vidi vici’ of Cæsar in his despatch ‘we've met the enemy and they're ours.’ At the end of the war, which resulted in favour of those ‘who fought and bled in freedom's cause,’ I retired from the service. But should my country need my hand to repel invaders, the heart shall never be found wanting.

This was communicated to me by one who though riper in years, yet acknowledges an existing friendship between us. It is dressed in a sim-

ple garb, but is a tale of our own country, and may serve to recall to memory the recollection of other times. Times, when our land was threatened by hostile armadas; times when it was proved that freemen united can be conquered by none; can be frightened by no adversary however powerful.

CAROLAN.

SELECTED.

FROM THE LONDON MUSEUM.

THE UNCALLED AVENGER.

An authentic Anecdote, related by M. Olden-cop, of St. Petersburg.

The return of the victorious Russian army which had conquered Finland under the command of General Buxhovden was attended with a circumstance which, it is true, has at all times been usual in the train of large armies, but which naturally took place to a much greater extent in these high northern latitudes, where the hand of man has so imperfectly subdued the original savageness of the soil. Whole droves of famished bears and wolves followed the troops on their return to the south, to feed on the chance prey afforded by the carcasses of the artillery and baggage horses that dropped on the road. In consequence of this, the province of Esthonia, to which several regiments directed their march, was so overrun with these animals, as greatly to endanger the safety of travellers. Hence, in a single circle of the government, no less than forty persons of different ages were enumerated, who had been devoured during the winter by these ravenous beasts. It became hazardous to venture alone and unarmed into the uninhabited parts of the country, nevertheless an Esthonian countrywoman boldly undertook a journey to a distant relation, not only without any male companion, but with three children, the youngest of which was still at the breast. A

light sledge, drawn by one horse, received the little party; the way was narrow, but well beaten, the snow on each side deep and impassable, and to turn back, without danger of sticking fast, not to be thought of.

The first half of the journey was passed without accident. The road ran along the skirts of a pine forest, when the traveller suddenly perceived a conspicuous noise behind her. Casting back a look of alarm, she saw a troop of wolves trotting along the road, the number of which her fears hindered her from estimating. To escape by flight's her first thought; and with unsparing whip she urges into a gallop the horse, which itself snuffs the danger. Soon a couple of the strongest and most hungry of the beasts appear at her side, and seem disposed to stop her way. Though their intention seems to be only to attack the horse, yet the safety both of the mother and of the children depends on the preservation of the animal. The danger raises its value; it seems entitled to claim for its preservation an extraordinary sacrifice. As the mariner throws overboard his richest treasures to appease the raging waves, so here has necessity reached a height at which the emotions of the heart are dumb before the dark commands of instinct, the latter alone suffers the unhappy woman to act in this distress. She seizes her second child, whose bodily infirmities have often made it an object of anxious care, whose cry even now offends her ear, and threatens to whet the appetite of the blood-thirsty monsters—she seizes it with an involuntary motion, and before the mother is conscious of what she is doing, it is cast out and—enough of the horrid tale! The last cry of the victim still sounded in her ear, when she discovered that the troop, which had remained some minutes behind, again closely pressed on the sledge. The anguish of her soul increases, for again the murder-breath-

ing forms are at her side. Pressing the infant to her heaving bosom, she casts a look on her boy, four years old, who crowds closer and closer to her knee: "But, dear mother, I am good, am not I? You will not throw me into the snow, like the bawler?"—"And yet! and yet!" cried the wretched woman, in the wild tumult of despair—"Thou art good, but God is merciful!—Away!" The dreadful deed was done. To escape the furies that raged within her, the woman exerted herself, with powerless lash to accelerate the gallop of the exhausted horse. With the thick and gloomy forest before her, and the nearer and nearer trampling of her ravenous pursuers, she almost sinks under her anguish; only the recollection of the infant that she holds in her arms—only the desire to save it, occupies her heart, and with difficulty enables it to bear up. She did not venture to look behind her. All at once two rough paws are laid on her shoulders, and the wide-open bloody jaws of an enormous wolf hung over her head. It is the most ravenous beast of the troop, which having missed its leap at the sledge, is dragged along with it, in vain seeking with its hinder legs for a resting place, to enable it to get wholly on to the frail vehicle. The weight of the body of the monster draws the woman backwards—her arms rise with the child: half torn from her, half abandoned, it becomes the prey of the ravening beast, which hastily carries it off into the forest. Exhausted, stunned, senseless, she drops the reins, and continues her journey, ignorant whether she is delivered from her pursuers.

Meantime the forest grows thinner, and an insulated farm-house, to which a side road leads, appears at a moderate distance. The horse left to itself, follows this new path: it enters through an open gate; panting and foaming it stands still; and amidst a circle of persons who crowd

round with good natured surprise, the unhappy woman recovers from her stupefaction, to throw herself, with a loud scream of anguish and horror, into the arms of the nearest human being, who appears to her as a guardian angel. All leave their work—the mistress of the house the kitchen, the thresher the barn, the eldest son of the family with his axe in his hand, the wood which he has just cleft—to assist the unfortunate woman; and, with a mixture of curiosity and pity, to learn by a hundred inquiries, the circumstances of her singular appearance. Refreshed by what ever can be produced at the moment, the stranger gradually recovers the power of speech, and ability to give an account of the dreadful trial which she has undergone. The insensibility with which fear and distress had steeled her heart, begins to disappear: but new terrors seize her—the dry eye seeks in vain a tear—she is on the brink of boundless misery. But her narrative has also excited conflicting feelings in the bosoms of her auditors; though pity, commiseration, dismay, and abhorrence, imposed alike on all the same involuntary silence. One only, unable to command the overpowering emotions of his heart advanced before the rest—it was the young man with the axe: his cheeks were pale with affright—his widely-rolling eyes flashed ill-omened fire. “What” he exclaimed; “three children—thy own children! the sickly innocent, the imploring boy, the infant suckling, all cast out by the mother to be devoured by the wolves!—Woman thou art unworthy to live!” At the same instant, the uplifted steel descends with resistless force on the skull of the wretched woman, who falls dead at his feet. The perpetrator then calmly wipes the blood off the murderous axe, and returns to his work.

The dreadful tale speedily came to the knowledge of the magistrates, who

caused the uncalled avenger to be arrested and brought to trial. He was of course sentenced to the punishment ordained by the laws; but the sentence still wanted the sanction of the emperor. Alexander, the splendour of whose virtues is only rendered more conspicuous by the throne, caused all the circumstances of this crime, so extraordinary in the motives in which it originated, to be reported to him in the most careful and detailed manner. Here, or nowhere, he thought himself called on to exercise the godlike privilege of mercy, by commuting the sentence passed on the criminal, into a condemnation to labour not very severe; and he accordingly sent the young man to the fortress of Dunamunde, at the mouth of the Duna, in the Gulf of Riga, there to be confined to labour during his majesty's pleasure.

Distinction between Military talent and general intellectual power.—Military talent, even of the highest order, is far from holding the first place among intellectual endowments. It is one of the lower forms of genius; for it is not conversant with the highest and richest objects of thought. We grant that a mind, which takes in a wide country at a glance, and understands almost by intuition the position it affords for a successful campaign, is a comprehensive and vigorous one. The general who disposes his forces so as to counteract a greater force, who supplies by skill, science, and genius, the want of numbers; who dives into the councils of his enemy, who gives unity, energy, and success to a vast sphere of operations, in the midst of casualities and obstructions which no wisdom could foresee, manifests great power. But still the chief work of a general is to apply physical force; to remove physical obstructions; to avail himself of physical aids and advantages; to act on matter; to overcome rivers, ramparts, mountains, and human muscles;

and these are not the highest objects of mind, nor do they demand intelligence of the first order; and accordingly, nothing is more common than to find men, eminent in this department, who are almost wholly wanting in the noblest energies of the soul, in imagination and taste, in the capacity of enjoying works of genius, in large views of human nature, in the moral sciences, in the application of analysis and generalization to the human mind and society, and in original conceptions on the great subjects which have absorbed the most glorious understandings. The office of a great general does not differ widely from that of a great mechanician, whose business it is to frame new combinations of physical forces, to adapt them to new circumstances, and to remove new obstructions. Accordingly, great generals, away from the camp, are commonly no greater men than the mechanician taken from his workshop. In conversation they are often dull. Works of profound thinking on general and great topics they cannot comprehend. The conqueror of Napoleon, the hero of Waterloo, undoubtedly possesses great military talents; but we have never heard of his eloquence in the senate, or his sagacity in the cabinet; and we venture to say, that he will leave the world without adding one new thought on the great themes on which the genius of philosophy and legislature has meditated for ages. We will not go down for illustration to such men as Nelson; a man great on the deck but debased by gross vices, and who never pretended to enlargement of intellect. To institute a comparison in point of talent and genius between such men and Milton, Bacon, and Shakespeare, is almost an insult to these illustrious names. Who can think of these truly great intelligences; of the range of their minds through heaven and earth, of their deep intuition into the soul; of their new and glowing combinations of the energy with

which they grasped and subjected to their main purpose the infinite materials of illustration which nature and life afford; who can think of the forms of transcendent beauty and grandeur which they created, or which were rather emanations of their own minds; of the calm wisdom and fervid impetuous imagination which they conjoined; of the dominion which they have exerted over so many generations, and which time only extends and makes sure of the voice of power, which, though dead they still speak of nations, and awaken intellect, sensibility and genius in both hemispheres: who can think of such men, and not feel the immense inferiority of the most gifted warrior, whose elements of thought are physical forces of physical obstruction, and whose employment is the combination of the lowest class of objects on which a powerful mind can be employed?—*Dr. Channing's character of Bonaparte.*

DESCRIPTION OF JERUSALEM.

"I take now the liberty of communicating to you some observations about Jerusalem, from my fellow labourer, Mr. King.

"Since its foundation by Melchisedek, it has been the scene of all that is great and splendid, and terrible in the annals of the world. Sometimes it has been the seat of splendor and magnificence, sometimes of destruction and desolation. Twice it has been laid in entire ruins, and twice has Zion been ploughed like a field as it is at this day. Seventeen times has it suffered the desolations of war, and now it is possessed by a nation, before which, every thing that is beautiful withers.

"In the space of so many ages, and in the midst of so many revolutions, it is expected that some valleys should have been exalted and some elevations made low. I have viewed the city from many different stations,

I have walked around it and within it, have stood on the mount of Olives, with Josephus's description of it in my hands, sometimes reading, sometimes looking to see if I could discover any of those distinctive marks of the different parts of the city, as laid down by him near 1800 years ago, and, after all my research, I compare it to a beautiful person, whom I have not seen for many years, and who has passed through a variety of changes and misfortunes, which have caused the rose on her cheeks to fade, her flesh to consume away, and her skin to become dry and withered. Still there are some great features remaining, by which I recognize her as the one, who used to be the delight of the circle in which she moved. Such is the present appearance of this holy city, which was once the 'beauty of Israel,' and the joy of the whole earth, when compared with the description given of it as it existed before its destruction by the Roman army."—*Wolff's Missionary Journal*.

THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

The reign of Elizabeth was the reign of poetry; it was the holy day of intellect—the carnival of imagination: the world of nature without was fresh and youthful, while the world of thought within was just bursting from the thralldom in which king-craft, and priest-craft, fascination, and despotism, had so long enveloped it; whilst the more subtle, but not less fatal chains which affection, pedantry, servile imitation, and hypercritical heresy have lately weaved around it, and by which all its efforts have been paralyzed, was not known or heard of. Then sprung to life those vivid and unfading pictures on which the eyes of the world are still gazing, eager to enjoy the illusion, but hopeless to emulate their beauties. Every image of tenderness, beauty and sublimity, which the most fertile imagination could

suggest, was raised and called into existence, as by the wand of an enchanter. Every passion, every thought of the human mind was unlocked; every aerial phantom that lurked in the recesses of fancy was impelled to light, and invested with substantial beauty: scarcely the minutest variety of nature passed unnoticed: not a flower of the field—not a hue of the rainbow,—not a combination of atoms, however fantastic, or a cloud in the heavens however fleeting,—but was endowed with immortality, by the more than alchemic touch of wit and genius. The men who rose in those days were mental prodigies,—they were stars of which the solitary brilliancy of each would have been enough to lighten the darkness of ages; but combined, they form one bright and glorious galaxy:—and the noblest,—the brightest beyond comparison,—the giant amidst a gigantic brood,—the mighty intellect which darkened and obscured all others, however brilliant, by the shadow of its own immensity was *Shakspeare*!

His was the master spirit;—at his spells
The earth gave up its secrets;—like the
mount
Of Horeb, smitten by the prophet's rod,
Its hidden springs gush'd forth:—Time that
grey rock
On whose bleak sides the fame of meaner
bards
Is dashed to ruin, was the pedestal
On which his genius rose: and rooted there,
Stands like a mighty statue, rear'd so high
Above the clouds, and changes of the world,
That heaven's unshorn and unimpeded
beams,
Have round its awful brows a glory shed
Immortal as their own. *Neel's Lectures.*

CHINA.

Every year, on the fifteenth day of the first moon, which generally corresponds to some day in the beginning of our March, the emperor in person goes through the ceremony of opening the ground. He repairs in great state to the field appointed for this ceremony. The princes of the royal family, the presidents of

the five great tribunals, and an immense numbers of Mandarins attend him.—Two sides of the field are lined with officers of the emperor's house, the third is occupied by different Mandarins, the fourth is reserved for all the labourers of the province, who repair thither to see their art honored and practised by the head of the empire.

The emperor enters the field alone, prostrates himself, touches the ground nine times with his head, in adoration of *Tien* the God of heaven. He pronounces with a loud voice a prayer prepared by the court of ceremonies, in which he invokes the blessing of the Great Being on his labour, and on that of his whole people. Then in the capacity of priest of the empire, he sacrifices an ox, in homage to heaven as the fountain of all good. While the victim is offered on the altar, a plough is brought to the emperor, to which is yoked a pair of oxen, ornamented in a most magnificent style. The prince lays aside his imperial robes, lays hold of the handle of the plough and opens several furrows all around the field; then gives the plough into the hand of the chief Mandarins, who, labouring in succession, display their respective dexterity. The ceremony concludes with a distribution of money and pieces of cloth as presents among the labourers, the ablest of whom execute the rest in the presence of the emperor. After the field has received the necessary work and manure, the emperor returns to commence the sowing with similar ceremony and in presence of the labourers. These ceremonies are performed on the same day by the viceroys of all the provinces.

Mat te Brun.

CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

The circulation of blood is a process so beautifully performed, and so wonderful in its operation, that ad-

miration of the Great Contriver must fill the soul of every feeling person. Here is a volume of blood, quantity to about seven or eight gallons, constantly rushing through and in every part of the body—a tide continually ebbing and flowing, and preserved in its incessant motion by the action of an organ scarcely so large as two closed hands—forming moreover in its progress the necessary support and nourishment of the body, building up and regenerating those parts which have been deranged by accident or decay, and imparting spirit and energy to the living frame. All this is constantly being done, while we, if the body be in health, feel neither the rushing up of the tide, nor the action of any part of the inimitable machinery used in its circulation. We do not palpably feel the formation of the blood, nor any of its subsequent operations. The different secretions are formed, but we are perfectly unconscious of the process. When we want them they are ready, and are easily produced; thus we have bile, gastric juice, saliva, tears, and other fluids ready for use, and fit for the various purposes for which they are intended.—Let the sceptic think well on these things and then doubt if he can. *Verulam.*

Number of Sultans—Since the conquest of Constantinople in 1453, there have succeeded each other in the Ottoman empire twenty-four Sultans, so that their reigns have averaged about fifteen years. During the same period there have been twenty sovereigns of England, who have reigned on an average about eighteen years each. Four of these English sovereigns have died violent deaths. Henry VI. and Edward V. being murdered, Richard III. killed in battle, and James I. beheaded, while twice that number of Sultans have been poisoned, strangled and deposed. The odds a

gainst the Sultans either as to the duration of their reigns, or the number of violent deaths, is not so great as we should have supposed.—But the Sultans have not enjoyed so liberal a share of strangling and poisoning, as they have bestowed on their relations. Pope says “they can bear no brother near the throne;”—some of them have shewn no less jealousy and cruelty towards their other relatives. Selim I. for instance, who ascended the throne 1512, began his administration by poisoning his father, strangling his brother, and murdering his six sons. He was instigated to this thorough-going policy, probably, by the fortunes of his father, who was his immediate predecessor; and who, for want of an opportunity to put his brothers to death, on ascending the throne, was put to the inconvenience of a long civil war against them. As we descend towards the present time, the ferocity and cruelty of these barbarians appear to undergo some mitigation; and the Turk of our times, bad as he is, is hardly so savage as his predecessors.—*Boston Bulletin.*

There is but *one* pursuit in life which is in the power of all to follow, and of all to attain. It is subject to no disappointments, since he that perseveres makes every difficulty an advancement, every contest a victory; and this is the pursuit of virtue. Sincerely to aspire after virtue, is to gain her; and zealously to labour after her wages, is to receive them. Those that seek her early, will find her before it is late; her reward also is with her, and she will come quickly. For the breast of a good man is a little heaven commencing on earth; where the Deity sits enthroned with unrivalled influence, every safety from danger, resource from sterility, and subjugated passion, “like the wind and storm, fulfilling his word.”

Lacon.

THE LITERARY REGISTER.

MONDAY, AUGUST, 13, 1828.

TO OUR PATRONS.

The four or five last Nos. may be considered as a fair specimen of what kind of publication the Literary Register is proposed to be. Every number will contain three general divisions, viz: Original pieces—Selections, and a Summary of the most important news of the day.

It is thought that the youth particularly, within 40 miles of Oxford, need very much a weekly publication of this description; and it is confidently believed, that were the matter viewed as we view it, every head of a rising family within that region would feel it his interest to become a subscriber. We cannot however expect that even a majority of these will all at once attach such importance to any thing we can either produce or select. But still we hope that a number of the intelligent and reflecting, who have now an opportunity of judging for themselves and of recommending the matter to their friends and neighbours, will come forward and give us their support. To such we beg leave to suggest,

1. That almost every man of intelligence and reflection has some friend or neighbour to whom he can recommend effectually that which is calculated to promote individual or social good.
2. That there are within the Miami County a vast number of young men, whose opportunities of information and improvement from books are very limited, and to every one of these the regular reading of the Register would be a valuable acquisition.
3. That two or three families, convenient to one another, might unite in using the same copy.
4. That as there will be no advertisements in the Register, and not much of party or local politics, it will always contain a greater quantity of *news*, in addition to the original and selected pieces, than the most of western newspapers contain.
5. As there is no family to be supported by the profits, and as the means of information, and a considerable portion of the mechanical labour are furnished for the Register at a

less expense, than can be furnished any where else—the Register, when compared with other weekly papers, will always be a *cheap paper*.—and

6. As the Miami University was established, and is supported for the special benefit of the youth in the western section of the State of Ohio—these youth, by regularly reading the Register, may enjoy to a considerable extent some of the advantages of that Institution.

SUMMARY.

Riot.—Two or three hundred riggers, stevedores, &c. recently committed some grievous excesses in New York, in consequence of a reduction in their wages—they attacked all persons who were engaged in repairing, or working on board of the vessels in the harbor. In their journeyings about the wharves they visited the packet ship Sully. Here they were joined by a number of blacks, and after in vain endeavoring to get the men on board to relinquish their employment, they showered a volley of stones upon the vessel, keeping up a continued fire for nearly a quarter of an hour, during which period some of the hands on board suffered considerably, and Capt. Macey was himself so severely injured, that it was with some difficulty he could move his right arm. During the engagement two pistols were discharged from the Sully and one of the rioters was shot in the leg. The ship Amelia was also attacked in the same style, as was the Don Quixotte, capt. J. D. W. Whittall, who received a wound from a large stone upon the head, through his hat, and which, we are happy to state, is not dangerous. Captain Clark, however, who was on board the Don Quixotte, was not so fortunate; he was struck down by a blow from a stone, and lay weltering in his blood for many minutes before any assistance could be rendered him. They were finally dispersed by the police, and a large number of the principals arrested for trial at the present court.

Niles.

Privilege of sanctuary.—A Gibraltar paper of the 12th of May, contains a proclamation of the lieut. governor of Malta, abolishing the *privilege of sanctuary* in criminal cases, and declaring that those "wicked and profligate men, who have often been tempted to commit murder, robberies, and other atrocious crimes, in the hope of escaping punishment" by taking refuge in churches and other consecrated places, shall not hereafter avail themselves of such immunity.

Niles.

Dr. Gendering in a communication to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, recommends Iodine as a specific in the cure of the GOUT. It is used both internally

and externally. He mentions a number of cases in which it had proved successful. Iodine is a powerful medicine and should only be used under the direction of an experienced physician.

Some of the works of Scott, Byron and Cooper, (the American) have been translated into the Danish Language.

Diplomacy.—The Emperor of Russia is about to present to the Shah of Persia, a bedstead of extraordinary magnificence. It is entirely made of chrystal, and is accessible by steps of the same material, all worked in imitation of large diamonds incrusting in solid frame. On each side there are spouts meant to eject scented water, which, by its murmurs, invites to sleep. It is crowned by a large chandelier, which spreads light in such a manner over itself and the rest of the frame, as to give to the whole the splendid appearance of millions of diamonds reflecting their brilliancy at once.

Prof. Webster of Harvard University, has recently published a valuable communication in the Boston Advertiser recommending very highly the use of "bleaching powders" a compound of lime and chlorine, as a means of preventing and destroying putrid and infectious miasmata. The powder may be sprinkled about an apartment, or thrown into any vessel you may wish to purify. A small quantity of powder if thrown into the coffin will prevent the rapid change of the dead body previous to interment. Any person can descend with safety into vaults, pits, sewers, &c. by breathing through a sponge which has been wet with a solution of this powder in water. Its use is recommended very highly for correcting the impure air of a sick chamber, which is only *disguised* by vinegar, but by this solution the atmosphere is decomposed and destroyed. Dr. Webster recommends the purchase of it from the manufacturer by the pound, as small quantities are expensive. This valuable information should have a wide circulation.

Deaf and Dumb.—Mr. Lewis Wild, the Principal of the Pennsylvania Institution for the education of the Deaf and Dumb, states that the number of deaf-mutes in twenty-five counties in Pennsylvania has been ascertained to be precisely one in every two thousand; and nearly the same proportion is found throughout the state. Enumerations made in other states, and in foreign countries, are said to establish similar results. From this he calculates, according to the census of 1820, that the number of the deaf and dumb, in the free white population of the United States, was, at that time, three thousand nine hundred and thirty-five; of whom, probably, one thousand three hundred and eighty-eight were between the years of ten and twenty six—the age most proper

for instruction. Of these he allows to the six Eastern States, 824 of all ages—296 between 10 and 26; to the four Middle States, 1327 of all ages—of whom 471 between 10 and 26; to the six Southern States 901—of whom 317 between 10 and 26; and to the eight Western states, and to the Territories, 883 in the whole, with 304 between 10 and 17, making a total of 3935, of whom 1388 are supposed fit to receive instruction

The balloon coaches are fast driving out the steam vehicles, so that we shall soon have nothing to pay for keeping up the roads.

The navigation under the water, instead of on the surface, in vessels called *sub marines*, is also a happy invention, which preserves us from storms and shipwrecks, and dispenses with the high premiums of insurance which used to be paid to the gentleman at Lloyd's.

The Meteorological Society having discovered a method of procuring or putting off rain whenever convenient, we shall be no longer under the necessity of carrying a sort of moveable penthouse over our heads to protect us from showers. The umbrella-makers, in short, will soon be done up.

Steam-engines have been recently introduced into all our grammar-schools of the old establishment for the purpose of flagellation. This is undeniably a great improvement; and Church and State will ultimately find it so in the more rapid improvement of the scholars. That in the Westminster School was in full work yesterday for the first time. Eton, Winchester, Harrow, and Rugby, have also been supplied with them.

The last Descendant of Milton.—Within these few days, Mrs. Earle, an elderly lady, who was generally said, when living, to be the last surviving descendant in a direct line from the immortal author of "Paradise Lost," died at her lodgings, in the house of a lady named Coxworthy, resident in Bennett street, Blackfriars.—This lady used, during her life time, to be frequently visited by persons of literary distinction, who were aware of her consanguinity, with the immortal poet.—She had a large collection of works which once belonged to her illustrious relation Milton.—*London Paper.*

We learn from an Eastern paper, that a serious misunderstanding has arisen between the officers of Yale college and a part of the students. Four of the latter have been expelled; and one hundred and forty-four have, in consequence, withdrawn from the institution.

Some mammoth remains have lately been discovered, in the bank of the Hockhocking river, near Athens, Ohio.

The first boat upon the upper section of the Miami Canal, was to have been launched, at Dayton, on Saturday last.

FOREIGN.

Brailow was invested by a corps of 18,000 Russians, and the trenches were opened on the 21st of May very near the fortress, for the purpose of making a breach. The Turkish garrison had set fire to the suburbs. Two Russian battalions were ordered to drive the Turks out of them; they penetrated into the streets which were choked up with rubbish, and charged the Turks at the point of the bayonet, while the fortress fired at them with mortars. About 160 Turks were killed and taken prisoners.

Letters from Vienna to the 8th June, state that at the last date from the Russian army, there had been no fighting except in the prosecution of the siege of Brailow, and that it was believed the invading army would not pass the boundaries of Wallachia and Moldavia without express orders from the Emperor. This is confirmatory of the reports of concession on the part of Turkey, and hesitation on the part of the Russians.

It was reported that a number of Cossacks had been brought prisoners into Brailow, and by the Pacha's orders hanged on the walls of the fortress in sight of the Russian army. The soldiers were enraged. It was feared the taking of Brailow would be attended with a dreadful massacre.

It was expected that the passage of the Danube would be effected by the end of May.

We learn from the frontiers of Moldavia, May 26, that a division of Cossacks had already made excursions on the right bank of the Danube, and has convinced itself that the defensive preparations of the Turks are very feeble.

The Augsburg Gazette states that the Russians were employed in constructing a bridge at Ottenitza, which would not be ready before the beginning of June.

Accounts from Corfu to May 18, state that Antolico continued to be besieged by the Greeks.

MATRIMONY.

*"Thou, beneath whose holy smile,
Lips may meet and not defile;
And hands and hearts together cling,
Fearless of shame and sorrowing;
The vows they offer, Hymen bear,
Record the oath thy votaries near;
Bless the hands that now are plight,
And sanctify the nuptial rite."*

MARRIED—On Tuesday last, Mr. J. G. STILLWELL, Merchant of Rossville, to Miss ELIZA M. McCULLOUGH, formerly of this village.

—At Cincinnati, by the Rev. J. L. Wilson, Mr. EZRA DEAN LAWRENCE, to Mrs. RACHEL RUTTER, both of that place.

POETRY.



ORIGINAL.

STANZAS.

Hadst thou the power to call back time,—
To stay the moments that have past,
I'd gladly ask thee to recall
The moment when we parted last.

When last I gaz'd upon thy form.
And heard thee utter fare-thee-well,
It threw a mystic round my heart,
Which language weak can never tell.

But, fare-thee-well,—in six long weeks
Perhaps we'll meet again;
And then our meeting will be sweet,
For parting caus'd a pain.

But oh! should absence blight the smile,
And thou unfaithful prove,
May I forget we e'er have met,
Or ever talked of love.

But should thy heart still changeless be,
And should we meet again,
Thou'lt find that absence can't remove
Nor tempt my love to wane.

WOODLAND MARY.

A WESTERN STAR.

And must I leave thee, brightly shining,
While I wend my weary way
Through life's pilgrimage, repining
That I've lost thy genial ray?

Shall thy brilliant beauties, flying
Still before my fancy's sight,
Give my heart the pang of sighing,
When reason tells 'tis past delight?

Yes, though past, to memory dearer,
Than pleasures which have oft appear'd,—
A star which shines divinely clearer,
Than any to my heart endear'd.

Oh! memory, thou sad deceiver,
How seldom are thy efforts vain,—
Calling thyself the soul's reliever,
But turning pleasures past to pain.

I would not have thee thus recalling
Pleasures which have bloom'd before,
For, from the height of rapture falling,
My present griefs must pain me more.

Thou gentle star, shine while I stay;

But some kind cloud be interpos'd,
Soon as I wend my weary way
From the dear object I have lov'd.

I would not ask for such a cloud,
To shut thy beauties from my sight,
To hide thy splendor in a shroud
Of dark oblivion's endless night,

But, that I know, thy kindlier ray
Is shed upon another heart,
Spreading abroad Eternal day
And bidding black despair depart.

Well may thy sweetest twinklings shine
On the dear object of thy love;
While wandering from thy charms divine,
I'll gaze on other scenes above.

CHARLES.

[SELECTED.]

THE HONEST MAN.

All are not just, because they do no wrong;
But he who *will not* wrong me *when he may*,
He is the **TRULY JUST**. I praise not them
Who in their petty dealings *spilfer* not:
But him whose conscience spurs a secret
fraud,
Where he might plunder and defy surprise.
His be the praise, who, looking down with
SCORN
On the false judgment of the partial herd,
Consults his own dear heart, and boldly dares
To be (not *merely to be thought*) an honest
man.

AGENTS FOR THE REGISTER.

Baltimore City.—Dr. Annan.
Cincinnati, O.—Edward Woodruff.
Dayton, O.—Martin Smith.
Eaton, O.—Isaac Stephens.
Franklin, O.—Col. M. W. Earheart.
Hamilton, O.—Thomas Blair.
Indianapolis, Ia.—Calvin Fletcher, Esqr.
Lebanon, O.—John Reeves, P. M.
Montgomery, O.—I. A. Reeder, P. M.
New-Lisbon, O.—D' Lormo Brooks, Esqr.
Paris, Ky.—Jas. Paton, Jr. P. M.
Rossville, O.—R. B. Millikin, P. M.
Springfield, (C. C.) O.—S. Mason, Esqr.
Terre Haute, Ia.—Rev. D. Montfort.
Washington, Pa.—Prof. J. W. Scott.
Youngstown, (T. C.) O.—A. Bryson, Esqr.

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